

D A P H N I S

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Α

PASTORAL ELEGY.

Written October 1755.

———είδεν δ' ἐγὼ Ἴσμε καὶ ἄλλων
Μιῶσομαι ἡμιθέων. THEOCR.

———Postquam te fata tulerunt,
Ipse Pales agros atque ipse reliquit Apollo. VIRG.

E D I N B U R G H:

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE unhappy death of a valuable Friend in North America, seventeen years ago, gave rise to the following ELEGY; the reception of which from the Public may, probably, determine the fate of some other poetical attempts.

ADVERTISEMENT

THE undersigned of a certain kind

of a certain kind

have the honor to inform the public

that a certain kind

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D A P H N I S,

A

PASTORAL ELEGY.

THE death of DAPHNIS, THYRSIS long had fear'd;
Nocturnal gleams, which through the woods appear'd,
Ill fated rooks, the melancholy screams
Of boding night-owls, his own dreary dreams,
Were sad prefages of the news which came, 5
That nought remain'd of DAPHNIS but a name:

B

Then THYRSIS loud bewail'd his wretched lot,
He shunn'd the shepherds, and his flock forgot.

THE Even was cool, for now th' autumnal breeze
Blew chill, and of their pride had robb'd the trees ; 10
A solemn silence reign'd, and, PHOEBUS gone,
From fleecy clouds his rays reflected shone ;
The Moon's full orb, imparting doubtful light,
Ascended slowly, ushering in the night ;
Amidst the darksome pines the screech-owl's cry 15
Was heard, and foxes prowling after prey ;
When THYRSIS, longing to relieve his breast,
With anguish for his long-fear'd loss oppress,

Retir'd : With sighs the lonely thicket rung,

While thus his DAPHNIS and his fate he sung.

20

WHAT doleful tale, ye Gods, hath reach'd our ears !

Come, nymphs and swains, and pour your friendly tears.

Come, DAMON, mourn your hero's hapless fate,

DAMON the wise, the worthy, and the great.

Come lend, MELPOMENE, your warmer fires;

25

Tho' low my art, no vulgar theme inspires.

Affist, APOLLO, and your chorus bring,

The death of DAPHNIS, and his fate, I sing.

IN heart-felt grief, VIRGINIA, bear a share,

Lament a loss you never can repair :

30

To thee we trusted, and from thee we claim

Our DAPHNIS, fit your savage sons to tame.

What wailings shall be heard when you return

His clay cold carcase in a fable urn?

His country, griev'd the lifeless corse to see, 35

Shall blame the Fates, and their too harsh decree.

Refound, you Caledonian swain, his praise,

While sheep, of food forgetful, round you gaze.

I M I T A T I O N S.

35. Cum complexa fui corpus miserabile gnati,

Atque Deos atque astra vocat crudelia mater.

38. Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca.

LONG hence, when we shall hold these western climes,
 (TO BRITAIN, GAUL shall yield in future times,) 40
 Our sons shall much of DAPHNIS' bravery tell,
 And, pensive, point the River * where he fell.
 Long shall his fame live in our rustic verse,
 The youth shall learn it, while the fires rehearse.

Resound, you Caledonian swain, his praise; 45

Strains worthy DAPHNIS well may claim the bays.

As gilded clouds bedeck the coming morn,
 As bulls the herds, as herds the fields adorn;

47. Vitis ut arboribus decori est, ut vitibus uvae,

Ut gregibus tauri, segetes ut pinguibus arvis,

Tu decus omne tuis.

* Moningahela.

C

As to tall trees the vine doth beauty yield,
To vines the grape, corns to the fatten'd field;
So DAPHNIS to his kindred and his name
Imparted splendor of his worth and fame.

50

Refound, you Caledonian swain, his praise,
This, as a duty, well the task repays.

To tell what virtues did in him combine,
Meonian fire with Mantuan numbers join.
In love, affection, and in friendship true,
As well his friends, his sons, and EMMA knew.
To share his favour was each shepherd's care,
I in his favour too could boast a share.

55

60

60 ——— Amavit nos quoque Daphnis.

Resound, you Caledonian swain, his praise,

Our loss calls forth your elegiac lays.

WHEN gloomy darkness shall to radiant light
Be turn'd, the radiant day to gloomy night;
Like raging fire, when icy lakes shall burn, 65
To icy lakes when raging fire shall turn;
Of tyger's fierceness when the lamb shall boast;
Then from my memory DAPHNIS shall be lost.

63. Ante leves ergo pascentur in æquore cervi,

Et freta destituent nudos in littore pisces,

Ante pererratis amborum finibus exsul

Aut Ararim Parthus bibet, aut Germania Tigrim,

Quam nostro illius labatur pectore vultus.

Ye nymphs and shepherds join his praise to sing,
Sweet melody may consolation bring.

70

SINCE this our fate, and DAPHNIS is no more,
Ye fields, which late the richest verdure wore,
Now sympathizing, and your beauty past,
With ouzy leaves be clad, and winter mast ;
Where gardens late did pinks and lillies show,
Let hemlock now, and deadly nightshade grow.

75

72. ——— Postquam te fata tulerunt,
Grandia faepe quibus mandavimus hordea fulcis
Infelix lolium et steriles dominantur avenae.
Pro molli viola, pro purpureo narcisso,
Carduus et spinis furgit paliurus acutis.

Ye rocks impending o'er yon angry shore,
Join, weeping grottos, and his death deplore.

Refound, you Caledonian swain, his praise,

While back your notes the vocal Eccho plays. 80

WHILE gentle doves the rav'nous hawk shall shun,
The fearful hare from dogs devouring run;
While sheep on hills, while dolphins live in seas;
While goats on browse, on amaranthus bees,

77. ——— Illum etiam ———

Mænalus et gelidi fleverunt saxa Lycæi.

80. ——— respondent omnia silvæ.

81. Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,

Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ,

Semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt.

D

Shall feed ; while Nature her known course shall hold ; 85

So long shall DAPHNIS' worth and fame be told.

Refound, you Caledonian swain, his praise,

Teach hills his name above the clouds to raise.

YE nymphs and shepherds, now your DAPHNIS gone,

Raise, raise, to him a monumental stone ; 90

88. ——— Daphnimque tuum tollemus ad astra.

90. &c. Spargite humum foliis, inducite fontibus umbras,

Pastores.

Et tumulum facite, et tumulo superaddite carmen.

——— Manibus date lilia plenis,

Purpureos spargam flores ——— et munere inani

Fungar.

And there, in melancholy numbers, tell,
What worth in DAPHNIS, and what merit fell;
How much he was with godlike virtues fir'd,
In death lamented, as in life admir'd.

WHAT moans ye utter, when his urn ye lay, 95
And to his ashes these last honours pay,
Yon lofty ruins, with their vocal cell,
Where rooks and night-owls unmolested dwell,
Where mossy shrubs the lonely walls furround,
Shall through their vaults in plaintive notes resound. 100

THE mournful flowers which in our woodlands spring
Prepare, ye nymphs, and in full baskets bring:

Mix purple poppies with nigella green,
With drooping lillies, sweet smell'd eglantine :
Add leaves of myrtle, and of fable hue, 105
The scented pine, the cypress, and the yew.
In this last unavailing office shew
Your grief, while ye with flowers his grave bestrew :
The sympathizing birds shall join to tell
Your prayers, your wishes, and a long farewell. 110
How few like him, alas, how few remain !
Mourn, CALEDONIA, mourn your hero slain.



